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THE QUEEN'S ANSWER

TO THE

LETTER FROM THE KING

TO

HIS PEOPLE.

Wm. Cobbett

10 FROM COBBETT'S REGISTER.

PHILADELPHIA.

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INTRODUCTION.

No! I cannot, upon reflection, bring myself to use the *name* of her majesty in this way. A pamphlet has been published, entitled "A letter from the king to his people." It bears date from "Carlton Palace." It has the *King's arms* at the head of it. It is signed "GEORGE." The writer addresses the people as his "*subjects*." In short, the thing is sent forth with all the circumstances calculated to induce us to believe, that *the King* is the real writer; and, then, at the *close*, it is declared, that it is a "*literary fiction*," put forth with the "*most loyal intentions*." When I first *heard* of and had *just seen*, this fiction, I conceived the design to give it *answer* in the *same form*; but, when I came to *read* the thing, I found it so horrible a performance, that I could not bring myself to put the design in execution. However, as the pamphlet contains what the enemies of the queen appear to think *the King's case*; and as it purports to be a *true history* of this family quarrel, I think it right to notice all the parts of it, on which *common sense* and *common decency* can suffer themselves to dwell for a moment; for a great deal of it is so very foolish, so glaringly absurd, as well as so foul, as to set all commentary at defiance; and indeed, it seems impossible,

that these parts, at least, can have proceeded from any mind in a state of *sanity*. If the writer had *praised the king* without *censuring the queen*, I should not have said a word upon the subject. But, his main object has been to *aspersion the queen*, and to compel her *to quit the Kingdom*. Her majesty could not condescend to notice such a performance; but, if she had deigned to request any one to do it, I may venture to believe, that such person, if acquainted, as I am, with so many facts, relating to the matter, would have given to this shameful attack on her majesty, the following

ANSWER.

MR. PARASITE,

The first three pages of your letter are wholly unworthy of notice. But, in the fourth, you break cover: you enter into matter: you speak of the *marriage* and the almost *instant separation*. I must take your own words; for, I fear, in any case to make them *mine*, or to impute them to the king.

“*Debarred thus from active employment, and destined to pass my time in royal idleness; surrounded with pleasures at every step, and captivated with beauty; it would not be the most difficult enigma to solve, how I became thoughtlessly extravagant.* Notwithstanding I had experienced the generosity of my countrymen, when twenty-four years of age; yet in nine years after my debts became again the object of serious consideration. In the midst of a war then raging, expensive beyond all former precedent, and with no glimpse of termination; when monarchy throughout Europe was threatened with annihilation; some powerful and unanswerable motive, or some important and ostensible good, could alone justify the minister of the day, in applying to parliament for the payment of the debts of an extravagant prince, for such I acknowledge myself to have been. The justification of the measure was found to be in *my marriage*. The nation most generously paid my debts, made provision for such marriage,

and I became an *expedient* party to the contract. For me there was *no escape*; the *interest of my creditors demanded such a sacrifice*; a sacrifice of which my heart could only appreciate the extent. But although the match *was forced*, and I was left (unlike my subjects) to no voluntary choice, I had still a right to expect in a princess of exalted ancestry, and one previously allied to me by relationship, a female of chaste person and *uncontaminated taste*. But the morning which dawned upon the consummation of this marriage, witnessed its *virtual dissolution*. Our daughter, the lamented princess Charlotte, *the child of a fond and admiring nation*, was born precisely at the moment prescribed by nature. Of the *causes* which led to this immediate separation, which however was *for a time* most carefully concealed, and concealed, I trust, from no ungenerous feeling on my part, it *does not belong to me to detail the explanation*. But who beside ourselves was interested in it? Surely the family of the illustrious female in question! *Did they complain?* Did they remonstrate? Did they demand a restitution of conjugal rights between us? Did they interfere to conciliate, to palliate, to explain? Never. By their silence then *was I justified* in requiring at a proper moment, a *more openly avowed separation*. *The first wrong was done to me."*

This, mind, I do not regard as the language of the king. It is not on *his* words and sentiments that I am about to comment; but, on those of some officious slave, who may think, perhaps, that he is doing what will please the king; but which, as I shall show, has a direct tendency to destroy the remaining reverence for the kingly office, and to imprint an everlasting stain on His Majesty's character.

How can it, with truth, be said, that the king, when young, was "*debarred from active employment, and destined to pass his time in "royal idleness?"*" Surely the same may be said with as much truth, of every heir of a *Peer*: and, then, we are in a pretty state indeed, having *two* out of the three

branches of the legislatures, “*destined to idleness, thoughtlessness, and extravagance.*” Have “Republicans and Levellers” asserted any thing equal to this? What, had the king, when young, no inducement to *study*? Was history, were the laws, were all the sciences beneath his notice? Could there, in this country of arts, manufactures, commerce and agriculture, be nothing found to engage the thoughts of a young man, *destined* by laws to be a *king*? Monstrous! and, if the fact were not false, what a satire, what a stain on both head and heart of His Majesty!

But, now we come to the *motive* to the marriage. The king, you say, consented to “*the contract*” for the sake of his *creditors*. This, you say, was his motive. This demanded “*the sacrifice.*” This is a horrible libel on the king, and especially when published in *his name*, and *dated from his Palace*. But, what “*sacrifice*” did the interest of the creditors demand? A sacrifice *of what*? I want to know *what* it was that he *sacrificed*; for, in the whole history of the transactions, I in vain look for *any sacrifice* on the part of the king; and the only *victim* that I can see is the unfortunate *wife*, and subsequent *mother*.—Had the king indeed disliked his bride; and had he, nevertheless, still lived with her supporting all the appearance of content in this respect; had he subdued his own feelings so far as never to suffer them to give offence to the wife; had he done every other thing necessary to keep the dislike unknown from the world; then, indeed, there would have been a *sacrifice* on his part, though the calling of it a *sacrifice* might be going too far; for it would have been the mere performance of a *duty*, and a very sacred duty too. But, what *sacrifice* could there be, when the morning, that dawned on the *consummation* of the marriage, witnessed its virtual *dissolution*? Could this short space of restraint be called a *sacrifice*?—And that, too, be it observed, when the husband himself, according to his own letter

to the wife, had nothing to allege, except his *uncontrollable inclinations?*

There was “*no escape*,” you say, for the king. “*Escape*” from *what?* The *interest* of his creditors *demand*ed the marriage! Good God! what a declaration to put forth under the name of the king! And is this to be tolerated! Is it to be published in the king’s name, that he actually did marry *in order to get his Debts paid!* Was ever declaration so shameful as this? Talk of obligation to creditors, indeed! What was this obligation, when compared with the obligation, contracted towards *the wife?* To creditors the debtor was bound as other debtors are. The debt arose out of the things received on the one side, and delivered on the other side. The creditors had, doubtless, the usual prospect of *gain* in view, and a more than ordinary security for payment. But, what was the nature of the obligation towards the wife? Why, a most solemn contract to *love*, to *cherish*, to *honor*, to *obey*, to *worship* with his body, to abide by in *sickness* and in *health*, to abstain from all others, and to *keep her alone*, as long as the parties both should live. What, compared with this, was the obligation to *creditors?* and, was this obligation towards the wife to be considered as nothing; as a thing to be contracted as a mere “*expedient*” in order to *get money from the nation to pay debts with!* Really, to state this, and to state it *in the king’s name too*; to put these words into the king’s mouth; to make them drop from his pen, and to cause it, or endeavour to cause it, to be believed, that the king is the real author of such sentiments; that is something too monstrous to be credited, if we had not the fact before our eyes.

In another part of the *Letter*, the king is made to speak thus to his people, on the subject of *leaving the Queen’s name out of the Liturgy*, and we shall see how it squares with the foregoing. “When the powers of my regency merged in the succession of the throne, one of the first duties devolving upon

me as a head of the Church, was “to settle according to the Act of Uniformity, such parts of the Liturgy as were affected by the decease of my venerable Father the King of blessed memory. How *lightly* have too many of my subjects thought of *the feelings* by which their *sovereign* must have been influenced upon so solemn an occasion! How *inconsiderately* have too many of my subjects viewed this *vital act of religion* as a mere matter of form, requiring only a dash of the pen! How *narrowly* have too many of my subjects confined their *sense of this form*, within the bounds of custom and precedent! How *blindly* have too many of my subjects viewed this act of *devotional formularity*. And how completely have too many of my subjects separated the act to be done, from him upon whom fell the *most painful duty* of its performance! Behold then, your Sovereign, *in the presence of that God to whom all hearts are open*: required by the first servant of *our holy national Church*, to sanction as head of that Church, a formulary, in which the thousands and tens of thousands, and millions of his subjects were to *address their prayers and praises, and supplications to the King of Kings*.”

Now, compare this with what the *Parasite* has said about the marriage of *expediency*; the marriage to get money to pay debts; compare the two, and what an odious *hypocrite* would this writer make the king appear to be! He first represents his Majesty as having married *solely* to get money to pay his debts; and as having *virtually dissolved* the marriage in *twelve hours after the consummation*. It represents him as having broken the most solemn of all contracts; as having gone to the altar, and there in the presence of God, made vows the most solemn, and of breaking those vows directly afterwards, having made them with a view of instantly breaking them; and after this it represents this same man as impressed with so deep a sense of the importance of *religious forms*; and so conscientiously alive to religious duties; so filled with

the fear of doing any thing *to offend God*; so replete with pious and reverential awe in the discharge of his duties, as to refuse the insertion of his wife's name in the Liturgy of the Church, lest she should afterwards be found not to be a woman of *strictly moral conduct*; while he has no scruple whatever to cause his *own name* to be inserted in that Liturgy! The reader will bear in mind, that they are not the words, the declaration, of his Majesty, that we have been reading; but of some corrupt parasite; and that this picture of the most odious hypocrisy, and, indeed, of the most glaring blasphemy, put forth under the king's name and signature, has been put forth by one, who *abuses the Reformers*, and accuses them of designs to pull down the Church and Throne!

But, as relating to the *case of her majesty*, how important would the declarations here brought forward be, if they really had *come from the King*, as this *parasite* would have us believe they do! Here, we are told (and under the king's name too,) that the marriage was one of *expediency* on the part of the king; that it was *forced*; that it was *virtually dissolved* the next morning. Now, if we were to believe this; if we were, as this writer would have us to believe, that the king has said this, what more should we want *to account for the long train of persecutions against her majesty*? What enemy of the king suggested this statement, then? This is a *real enemy* of the king. This is an enemy of the throne, indeed. He brutally says, in another part of his book, that the king *loathed the queen*. If so, what need should we have to seek further for a *cause* for all these accusations against her majesty? And, how imperiously should we be called on to stand forward in her defence? Here we should see clearly the *origin* of all the tales, all the slanders, all the machinations, all the conspiracies and all the swearings that have filled all the civilized world with disgust and horror. It is for the king's friends to disown, and for his law-officers to punish, the author, of these intolerably outrageous attacks,

upon his motives and his character, made under his own name, or those friends must not be surprised to find, that unwary persons, imposed upon by the boldness of the imposture, give credence to the statement, draw the natural conclusions, and bestow detestation and abhorrence on him, whom it is fitting they should behold with affection and speak of with reverence.

However, after all, every thing in these declarations, made in the king's name, sinks out of sight, when compared with the *base* and *blackguard* insinuations contained in them against her majesty. There is something so vile, so filthy, so beastly, so much worse than brutal in that to which I allude, that I cannot proceed further to notice it, without begging pardon of both king and queen even for attempting to describe the infamy of the pretended friend of the former and the avowed assailant of the latter.

The task must, however, be performed: let us, then, take a look at the horrid words:—"Though the match was *forced*, I had still a right to expect a female of *chaste person* and *uncontaminated taste*." As to *taste*, that is a thing wholly un-reducible to *any standard*. But, he proceeds: "*but, the morning which dawned on the consummation of the marriage witnessed its virtual dissolution*. Our daughter, *the child of a fond admiring nation*, was born precisely at the moment prescribed by nature. *Of the causes* which led to this *immediate* separation, it does not belong to *me* to detail the explanation." And then the king is made to say, "the *first wrong* was done to me."

Wives look at this! *Husbands*, even the most unfeeling, profligate, base and abandoned, look at this: and say, whether even ruffian, in stew begotten and in brothel bred, ever was yet found so shamelessly infamous as to deal in insinuations like these: and, when you have answered this question, say what is due to the men, who have written, printed and published a book, putting these insinuations into the mouth of the king, and sending them forth under his royal signature!

All, the reader will perceive, was discovered *between the evening and morning?* It is here clearly insinuated, that the king discovered *want of chastity*; for, it is asserted, and the words are marked by *italics*, that the *first wrong* was done *to him*. The remark as to the *precise moment* of the birth of the princess Charlotte, and the calling of her “the *child* of a fond admiring *nation*,” admit of some latitude of interpretation; but, coupled with the other parts of the statement, to what a sum of infamous calumny does the whole amount; and to what *horrid ideas* would they not give rise in the mind of any one who had been imposed upon by the *signature* and the *date* of this nefarious publication; which, observe, has come forth with the *King’s arms* at the head of it; dated at *Carlton Palace*; and with an imprint, purporting that it is *published by Turner, the King’s Stationer*, and sold by *Sams, bookseller to his royal highness the duke of York!* The audacity of this is beyond every thing ever before supposed possible; and yet, it would seem, that *five editions* have been suffered to go abroad with as little interruption as just so many *Religious Tracts!*

However, leaving his majesty’s character to be on this occasion, defended by his law officers, let me, begging his majesty’s pardon even for noticing the foul calumny, proceed to inquire a little into the *possible foundation* of that calumny.

Only a *few hours* passed, it is asserted, while the parties were alone. The context necessarily implies this, even if the assertion had not been made. The *discovery* could not have been made *before the consummation* of the marriage; for in *that case*, what horrid baseness in the husband must the consummation imply! Could it *possibly* be made *afterwards!* Could the proof of the *first wrong* be discovered *after* the consummation, and yet *before the dawn of day!* Surgeons in the pursuit of their necessary studies; butchers, in the cutting up of carcases, find themselves compelled to familiarize their minds with the ideas here awakened; but was there

ever before heard of a man so audacious as to impute such brutality of thought and of language to a *husband*? The *husband* himself, if such an one could be found upon earth, must raise against him the voice of all woman kind, and must flee from society as a monster unfit to be suffered to live except among brutes. And yet a prince, famed for accomplished manners, priding himself on those accomplishments alledged, even in this very book, to be uncommonly sensible to the power of female charms, and of *exquisite niceness* in point of *taste*, is here, by some unknown parasite, aided and abetted by the *king's stationer* and the *duke of York's bookseller*, exhibited to the world as speaking of the *secrets of the wedding night*, and that too, in a way, that would, if imitated by a drunken sailor, in a Portsmouth Point brothel, send the beastly blackguard neck and heels into the street.

To make, however, *common sense* of this imputation against her majesty, the proof of *want of chastity* must have been discovered before the wedding night. For that alone is reconcilable with the *first wrong* as here alledged, and the *immediate separation*; unless we go upon the supposition, that the king had very sedulously studied as an *accoucheur*. Yet, if the discovery took place *before the marriage*, where was the *taste* and where the *fine sentiment*, that could endure the marriage ceremony. Oh! that was *compelled* by justice due to the *poor creditors*! Indeed! And did justice to the creditors: did *their interest* produce the *consummation* too. Never was there so scrupulously honest a debtor in the whole world! The thing, if not a barefaced blackguard lie, from the beginning to the end, would certainly be a miracle; which, indeed, is the only objection to a great many other of the miracles, witnessed by us and our forefathers. But, then, if the *consummation did not take place*, and even this would appear to be insinuated by this parasite; if the consummation did *not take place*, what is the necessary conclusion? why, that the *princess Charlotte* was what I will not even name!—And

this, I think, caps the climax of infamy in the way of insinuation; while, if we believed the letter to be what it calls itself, it would, when we recollect the accounts of the king's sorrow at the death of the royal lady, hold him forth as the most consummate hypocrite that ever disgraced the human form. But, our consolation is, that the whole of the story is a lie; a complicated lie, invented for the purpose of injuring the queen, without, apparently, caring one single straw about the injury likely to be done to the king; and yet this abominable book is published by the *King's Stationer* and sold by the *duke of York's Bookseller*.

Before I quit this *expose de motifs* as to the *instant virtual dissolution* of the marriage, let me advert to another part of the book, where the king is represented as speaking of her majesty as an object of *loathing*. There is another passage, which has made me *laugh*: "The *queen* is growing *old*. We are *both* beyond the *hey-day of life*." What! the king is not growing *old*, I suppose! Oh no! It is not *polite* to call him *old*; nor is it *loyal*; for the king "*never dies*." But, the queen, being only a *subject*, dies like other folks: of course she is growing *old*; and, as far as I have observed, this is the only *true* remark respecting her, from the beginning to the end of the letter, so audaciously inscribed to the king.

As to her majesty having, however, been an object of *loathing*, to be sure, large allowances are to be made for *taste*. But, who that *ever saw* her majesty, at any time of her life, will not say, that this description is not most gross and malicious abuse? I saw the queen, just 20 years ago last Thursday week. I was so placed (in the privy chamber, I think, they call it,) at St. James' palace, as to see all the persons going to the late queen's drawing room; and, after seeing great numbers pass, I asked who that, "*pretty gay little lady was*," and was told, that it was the *princess of Wales*. I thought her the most beautiful of the whole; and I will not attempt to describe my feelings with regard to him, who

could be voluntarily separated from such a wife. I never saw her majesty from that time, 'till I saw her coming up Shooter's hill, on the memorable sixth of June last, when I recognised in her face all that good-humour and all that vivacity, which had so much pleased me in 1801.

As to what is *beautiful* and what is *not*, there is no standard. All depends upon *taste*; and our tastes vary with our characters, which are as various as are the wild plants of the field.—But, I know what my own taste in female beauty is, and I will describe it. A woman, five feet two inches high (without her shoes) half an inch more or less. Plump, even when young, and prone to crum, rather than crust, as she increases in years. Small-boned, small hand, and small and nimble feet, and giving evident proofs, that the fruits of her love are not, for want of an ample natural supply, to be banished to a hireling breast. Sprightly eyes of I care not what colour; features that speak; a voice at once feminine and firm; a laugh that banishes melancholy from my abode; a temper that sets disguise at defiance; a *will*, that, by its ripplings, prevents life from becoming a stagnant pool; a heart that shows its tenderness, not in sighs and whines, but in excessive fondness for children and in active boldness at the bedside of the yellow fever or the plague; and, if I cannot enjoy that heart I am unworthy to enjoy its possessor.

That this is *my* taste I have given the best possible proof; and, it is well known, that her majesty might have sitten for the picture. I had, on Monday, the opportunity of seeing her majesty, from a distance of about four yards, for a whole *hour*, or more; and independent of her station and the interesting circumstances connected with the occasion that brought me, among so many others, into her presence, saw in her a beautiful woman. Not a *doll*; not an immovable thing, made of wax, with glass eyes stuck on its face. But a living being; a being with features that *tell what is passing in the heart*. No *affectation* about her; all is goodness, real graciousness;

and, still, all is dignity; every thing to inspire affection and to rivet attachment. And, when one reflects on all she has undergone, on all her sufferings, all her dangers, and on her fortitude and on her bravery, is it possible to refrain from exerting in her service whatever we possess of talent or of strength?—No man of unperverted mind can now behold the queen without feeling eager to serve her and proud to yield her respect and obedience.

And yet this *Parasite* has the audacity to tell the People, and under the King's name, too, that this royal lady, is an object of *loathing*! However, this is no more than a repetition of one of the blackguard assertions, made so incessantly at the West End of London, for many years, previous to her Majesty's arrival. I heard, years ago, of a *book* kept in a certain *house*, where people might go and read the evidence given *against* her, by the perjured wretches in 1806; but, where they were not shown any of the statements in her *defence*. There has been a perfect *system* for calumniating the Queen; and, had not "*the book*" been published in 1813, it seems impossible for her to have been preserved.

Having now done with what may be called the *brutal* part of this performance, I shall proceed to such of the rest as are at all worthy of notice. The writer attempts to justify the proceedings of 1806, upon the ground of *numerous rumours*; but, the worst of it is, that the *Tribunal to try her conduct* sat and decided without ever *hearing her in her defence*.

The main charge, lurking behind is, that, in 1813, the Queen became a *politician*; that she made the domestic dispute a question of *factionous politics*; and that, therefore, she then forfeited all claim to any species of indulgence; though by the by, I never heard, that her Majesty ever asked for any indulgence.

This is, however a curious charge; and, as the reader will presently see, as unfounded as all the rest. There is a very pretty passage that precedes this charge against the Queen,

and in this passage her alleged political interfering is ascribed to the *Whigs!* It is fitting that both king and queen should know the *real facts* of the case, which I am very certain they do not, and which I am also certain, that nobody will, or can, state to them, except *myself*. But, first let us hear what this writer in the king's name says on the subject: for, here is the *apology* for not taking the *Whigs* into power in 1812, when the Prince became Regent. "The distinguished characters with whom, in my earlier years, I had intimately associated, had created in the public mind, a widely extended, and readily believed opinion, that when the sceptre of my father should descend to me, I should, from among those associates, *have chosen the members of my administration*. During the discussion of the terms of the regency, I was careful to avoid giving any pledge of the line of policy I might find it expedient to adopt. A short previous administration, composed of those political friends by whom it was conjectured my councils would have been directed, had enabled me to form some opinion of their executive talents; and *notwithstanding*, an overture was made by me to them, to propose an administration. But when I found the conditions required would have reduced me *to a mere political automaton*, of which they were to possess the key; that not content with forming the administration, they required also, that I should be *surrounded in my household by their adherents*, and left to no choice in the appointment of my own attendants; when with this, I compared the *candour* and the *unequivocal absence of all personal feeling*, with which the bill creating the Regency was carried by the then ministry, and above all, the *frank, loyal and respectful regret* which was shewn to the calamity of my revered Parent; and the *so immediate provision made for the resumption by him of the regal dignity*, that should it have pleased Providence so to have restored him; my Royal Father would have awakened as if from a dream, and have found himself unreminded of his

affliction when to this I added the important consideration, that *the flame of freedom was beginning to glimmer in Spain*, that the then administration were prepared to take advantage of every circumstance favorable to the destruction of the military Tyrant of Europe, and when all these various considerations were upheld by the *weight of personal character which was contained in the then cabinet*; I felt sufficiently justified in not suffering *former prepossessions* to stand for one moment in the way of newly created duties. I felt that an existing experienced executive, was, at such a time, safer than a theoretical cabinet. I had also a doubt in my own mind, whether, during my Sovereign's life, I ought as Regent, to adopt the principles of those who had been violently opposed to my Royal Father's measures, or pursue a line of policy unchanged, *and such as my king would have continued* had he remained the active head of the empire.—This was a feeling of THE HEART; it was MINE."

Reader, bear in mind, that it is not the *king* who says this; and therefore, if you can suppress your contempt for the writer, you may *laugh* at it as long as you please. Compare this wretched stuff with the language of the *queen*, when her majesty puts pen to paper. However, here you have this man's *reasons* for the king's not choosing his servants from amongst his *old friends*, in 1812. And then, you are told by this *parasite*, that the rejection of these *old friends* caused the matrimonial differences "*to be converted into a political attack upon the king's authority.*" Nothing can be more false than this. The *whigs* as a party, never took the part of the queen.—Mr. *Whitbread* did; but the whigs never did. Perceval and his party had, indeed, taken her part. By so doing they had put the whigs out, in 1807; and if Perceval had been *put out*, in 1812, when the prince became regent, he would, without doubt, *have brought her case forward again!* Nobody can doubt of this; and, therefore, it is not quite impossible, that this, amongst others, might be *a reason* for the

king's rejecting his *old friends*, and for keeping Perceval and his people in power; a reason pretty nearly as powerful, perhaps, as the "favoring of the *cause of freedom in Spain*." The whigs could not, as they then stood, very well take part with the princess. It was *under them* that the *inquiry* took place in 1806; therefore they, *though out*, could not well meddle with a matter, which *if it all came out*, made against them very much, as they then stood. So that, by *keeping in* Perceval and his men, *both parties would naturally remain quiet as to the princess*. This is what *did* happen; and what a deal, then, has the affair of this lady had to do in the great concerns of this country, for many years past!

But, it is very true, that at the epoch here alluded to, the affair of the queen did make a *great stir*, and was fast going on to mix itself with politics. It is also true, that that which was done at that time *laid the foundation* of all the popular support, that her majesty has now received; and, it is further true, that the prime mover in what was then done was not Peter Moore, nor Edward Ellice, nor the heroes Brougham and Denman, but that it was *myself*, which, I am sure, will be a piece of news to the king, the queen, the ministry, the whigs, and the people. And now I will relate the facts, precisely as they took place; and, when, reader you have heard them, you will exclaim with some character in Shakspeare, "how poor a thing may do a noble office!" And you will recollect the *mouse* in the fable, that let the *lion* loose from the toils of his hunters.

In 1807, the result of the investigation began to make some noise; and the Morning Post had violently attacked the *Douglasses*. Sir John Douglas wrote to me protesting, that all the swearings were true; and I, in consequence of that, published some articles bearing on that side, though the whole amount of what was known at that time was little more than mere rumor.—Perceval came into power; all was *hushed up*;

and the public remained in total darkness, until 1812; the period above referred to by this *parasite*.

In 1811, I had gotten possession of all the material parts of "THE BOOK." When, therefore, the Prince became Regent, I endeavoured to bring the matter forward, by insisting on the propriety of the Princess *holding her courts*, as the Prince, her husband was now holding his.—My motive in this was, my conviction of her innocence from what I had seen in "*the Book*," and also my opinion, that, if she did not hold her courts *then*, she *never* would; and the foundation of my opinion was this: that, if "*the Book*" lay hidden many years from the eyes of the People, if the Princess remained *silent*, 'till the Prince became *king*, the people would, at least, think that there was *a something* to hide; and that they would easily acquiesce in her degradation. Besides, the *witnesses*, might all die. The Lords of the Commission might die. Not a single copy of "the book" might be left in existence; and, there might remain to the Princess no possible chance of obtaining even a hearing.

An opportunity for *starting* the question offered, when addresses to the prince were presented on his being appointed *Regent*. I contended, that addresses ought also to be presented *to the Princess*; and, in the city of London, by a worthy Alderman, *always her friend*, some movements were made towards this measure. These were counteracted by movements on the part of *others*, whom it is not necessary now to point out; and, thus, no addresses were, at that time presented to the Princess?

In 1813, when all was settled down into tranquillity with regard to this affair; when not a word was said about the Princess, the thing was again put in motion, and "*the book*" was forced out in the following manner.

Mr. Cochrane Johnstone was, at that time, a *Member of Parliament*; and to whom I proposed the measure of bringing forward a motion in parliament such as should *compel an*

open and explicit declaration in Parliament, of the *innocence* of the Princess, and of the *falsehood of the charges preferred against her in 1806*. Mr Johnstone, who was a gallant and active and zealous and honest politician, caught at any proposition. The nature of the motion was settled between us at his house in Alsop's Buildings about twelve o'clock; and, in five hours afterwards, he had given notice of his motion in the House of Commons!—It was a real pleasure to have to act with this gentleman. Always sober; always up early; *always ready*; always decisive and prompt; and never moping in despair. Never was a man more calumniated than Mr. Johnstone has been.

The motion consisted of *two resolutions*; and though, certainly, they did appear to be *wholly uncalled for* by any then before the public, still they had enough of *plausibility* in them to raise a *long debate*, his part of which the mover performed with admirable dexterity. Mr. Whitbread took the matter up: the Douglasses were roughly handled; the Lords Commissioners did not escape; and, in short, the subject engaged the exclusive attention of the public.

We (who were in possession of "*the book*" ourselves) only wanted to get *that book* into the *hands of the public*, and through a channel not our own. Care was taken to work into the Resolutions enough to excite uncommon curiosity; and, at last, so much was drawn out in the debates, that it was better even for the enemies of the Princess, to *publish* the whole.—Accordingly, *out came the book*, first from the shop of Mr. Jones, I think it was in Newgate street, and, afterwards, from every shop in the kingdom.

This is what I wanted. The PEOPLE were now the *judges*. We, of the *press*, had now *matter* whereon to work openly! We had before confined ourselves to *suppositions* and *hints*. But now we had all the facts and circumstances; we had the *evidence*; we had the Princess' defence in

her letters to the king; and, we were enabled to maintain her cause boldly and *effectually*.

This was a most important service rendered to the Princess; and I say this without any scruple, because I am *sure*, that I shall never accept of reward, in any shape, or of any kind, at her hands. It was a most important service, because it made the *People her judges*; because it established her innocence; because it excited, in her favor, those feelings, which never ceased to exist in the public breast; with which feelings she was received at Dover; and which feelings heightened by additional wrongs, heaped on her, have now saved her from total degradation.

Let any one suppose the case of a *continued suppression* of "the *Book*" until this day. The *rumors* for the last six years, added to her unaccountable *silence* of a preceding eight years, would have made a general *presumption of her guilt* certain. Look at the *great argument*, in answer to the charges of the bill and the swearings of the Italian witnesses. What has it been? Why, that *heavier* charges and *tougher* swearings were brought against her in 1806; and, that *THEY* were *all false*! This has been the *great argument* with the press, and round every fire-side. But, this argument never could have existed, if Mr. Johnstone and *myself* had not *forced out the book*. For, be it known, that I had *tried*, in 1812, more than one other member of parliament to do that which Mr. Cochrane Johnstone did, in 1813. They would not *stir*.—Timidity, laziness, something always defeated my project. But, Mr. Johnstone was a man of *action*, and he feared nobody.

Let not the friends of the king, therefore, blame the *whigs* for this stir in 1813; for they, poor things, were as innocent as the child unborn, not only of all act, or part, in the making of the stir, but of all knowledge of the source whence the things sprang. The public applauded Mr. Whitbread, and very justly; but, he was, on this occasion, no more than a *puppet*

put in motion by us. I enjoyed exceedingly the seeing of the big talkers at work like bees in a tar-barrel to extricate themselves from the confusion, into which we had thrown them. Let not the poor whigs be blamed for this signal service to the queen, for babes at the breast were not more clear of the sin than they.

As to the queen, her majesty has never known, I am very sure, the source of the exertions in her favor in 1813. But, we had *other sch mes* which, if they had been adopted, would have enabled her, to a certainty, *to hold her court in 1813*; and which would, of course, have prevented her from going abroad, and have spared her, the king, and the nation all that has happened in consequence of that unwise and almost insane step, which the advice of Canning induced her to take.

When "the book" had been published, the princess stood triumphant. *That was the time*, therefore, for her to take the measures necessary to the full enjoyment of her rights. These measures, however, must have come from herself; and to submit them fairly and fully to her, she must have been *seen and spoken to* by the person who had the measure to submit. Mr. Johnstone endeavoured, but *in vain*, to obtain an audience of her royal highness. He applied, for this purpose, to a *countess*, then upon intimate terms with the princess. A *great don*, who was admitted to her royal highness's presence was also applied to. These great personages had, doubtless, their own views; and, notwithstanding the reproof given in the fable, by the Ox to the Cur, they so contrived the matter, that Mr. Johnstone could get *no audience*; while his parliamentary puppet, Mr. Whitbread, was the Burleigh of the princess's cabinet; and while this Burleigh was so managing the matter as to *weary and disgust* the princess, and to make her ready to listen to any advice, that would remove her from the sound of the voices of prosing, shilly-shally counsellors.

The Princess was herself *acquitted*; she heard the public loud in her behalf, and as loud against her enemies, she saw that she was *completely triumphant*; but still she saw, amidst this multitude of words, that nothing was **DONE** for her; that no one even **PROPOSED TO DO** any thing for her; and that, though *innocent* and *injured*, she was still to be *degraded*! Was not this enough to fill any body with disgust; and what, then, must the effect of it have been upon a person of uncommon decision, promptitude and spirit, and that person an injured Princess too?

Had Mr. Johnstone found his way to the Princess, ten minutes would have decided the matter. She would have had no *prosing*; no *lecturing*; no melancholy-engendering forebodings. The path would have been clearly marked out for her; and all that has happened since convinces one that she would have pursued it. It was the path of reason, of honor, of true dignity, the path of *peace*, too, for the Prince as well as for herself. But she had fallen not “amongst thieves,” indeed; but amongst proserers, amongst *lesson-mongers*; and *everlasting procrastinators*; amongst men, who are always miserable if they have not something to *debate* about; and, really, whose only fear seems to be, that their debating should *cause something to be done*.

Thus have I given a true account of the stir in 1813; and from it the reader will see, what a poor shuffle it is, on the part of this *Parasite*, to accuse the *Whigs* of making the king’s “matrimonial differences a subject of *political attack*” on him. The Princess *herself* knew not the real source of the agitation; and she must now laugh at the exposition of this adventure of her life.—At any rate, I have here clearly shown, that she had no hand in producing the agitations of 1813; and, that, therefore, this charge, like all the rest, has its foundation in falsehood and malignity.

The remaining part of the Letter of the *Parasite*, published by the king’s stationer, in the king’s name (oh, audacity!) is so very absurd; it savours so strongly of *drunkenness* or of

insanity, that I cannot bring myself to notice it otherwise than in general description. It represents the king as personating the *future historian*, and writing this part of the *history of his own reign!* Then it represents him as supposing, *first*, that the Queen will be supported in her claims by the Parliament; that her name will be restored to the Liturgy; and that she will hold her court. *Second*, that she will not be supported by the Parliament; that a negociation (*a la Protocol*) will be renewed; and that she will go out of the country in so *silent* a manner, that the people will hear nothing of the matter 'till she is safely landed in France. In the *first case*, *revolution, blood, and atheism*, are anticipated as the final effect. In the *second case*, are predicted *harmony, peace, plenty, and everlasting prosperity and happiness!*

Was there ever so mad a wretch as this Parasite! To comment on such matter would really be like going to Bedlam and arguing with the inmates there. All that remains, then, is to dismiss this at once audacious and stupid and beastly performance, with the expression of a hope, that, as this is the *first*, so it will be the *last*, time, that one will dare thus to vilify the Queen under the name of the king; to date his productions from the *very Palace of the King*; and cause it to be *published by the King's stationer, and sold by the Duke of York's bookseller.*

Having the pen in hand, however, I cannot refrain from observing shortly on what has passed since I began this paper, in Parliament, with regard to her Majesty the queen. The king has merely called on the Parliament to make a *pecuniary provision for her Majesty*. Unquestionably this ought to come from the *Civil List Allowance*; because that allowance contemplates a king *and a queen*. It is not granted to a *Bachelor* or a *widowed King*. It is granted, as it was to the late king, for the support of him, wife and children. Therefore, and especially at the present time, let us hope, that circumstances do, unhappily, prevent the royal

parties from living together, the separate allowance to her Majesty will come from that already settled on the king.

But, besides sufficient *pecuniary allowance*, there will doubtless be something in the way of *real property* granted to her majesty. It appears that she has purchased the *lease of Marlborough House*. This house and its gardens and yard *belong to the public*. The duke of Marlborough rents the whole of *our stewards* for 75*l.* a year! Yes 75*l.* The lease, which was granted in 1785, expires in 15 years time. The prince of Cobourg pays, not *seventy-five* pounds, but *three thousand*, a year, to the duke! So that *the public* is a pretty *easy landlord*! However, the queen has *bought* the lease; the prince, her son in law, is her majesty's *tenant* now; and, there can be *no doubt*, I should think, of his having, at once, agreed to give up this convenient place to her majesty. Thus her majesty will have a suitable residence in town; and, surely *one* of the many palaces in the *country* will be allotted to her majesty.

Besides, the *late* queen had granted to her for life, the manor of Richmond in Surrey, and also the office of steward and keeper of the courts of the said manor, and all demesne lands and other lands in lease. Now, these have all fallen in *to the public* by the death of the late queen; and, what so proper; what so suitable in all respects; what so likely to conciliate the people, as to grant them, for life, to her present majesty? There is no subject on which I would sooner petition parliament than this; but, I hope, that every step of this sort will be rendered wholly unnecessary by the steps which his majesty himself appears to be disposed to take, if I am to judge from his *truly gracious* (though not quite grammatical) speech to the parliament.

A palace, a suitable allowance from the civil list, the manor of Richmond, and the name in the liturgy seem, now thank God, to be all that remain wanting to putting an end *for ever* to this unhappy family dispute, which never ought to

have been *known* to the world, and which it has filled with scandalous and disgraceful details. The king comes at last, and tells the parliament and the world, that he regards the attachment of his people as the best safeguard of this throne; and truly says, that he has that attachment. His majesty thus rebukes the slanderers of his faithful and dutiful people, and in so doing he gives us a pledge of his sincere and ardent desire to restore to us all the rights, of which we have been deprived, during the last twenty-seven years. That conciliation, which, with my feeble voice, I have recommended for so many years, seems, at last, to be becoming "the order of the day."

As to the "question of the liturgy," I hope it will prove no question at all. It is said, that the French used to laugh at James II. for his having quarrelled with his subjects for the sake of a mass. A quarrel about the liturgy would be a great deal more ridiculous. All is now settled but *this*; and, surely, this ought not to stand in the way of a restoration of harmony! The ministers are not conjurers, to be sure; but they know the worth of their places; and, will they risk them for this? They must know that long debates about *collects* and *prayers* will give a dreadful shock to the *hierarchy*. They must know, that if they persist, a considerable portion of the people will *quit the church*. They must know that they must yield at last, or yield their places. And, surely, they will then, yield, and keep their places as long as they can. They may be *forced* out by other means; but why force themselves out? They would, I think, carry their question on the liturgy at *first*; but they would be beat out of it at last: and then out of place at the same time.

Let me indulge the hope, that before the next number of this work will come from the press, all disputes relative to the queen will have been put an end to by the act of his majesty himself; and this will be much more likely to do him honor, than books, abusing his royal consort, published un-

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der *his name*, issued by a man calling himself *his stationer*, and sold by another, calling himself *the bookseller of the duke of York*.

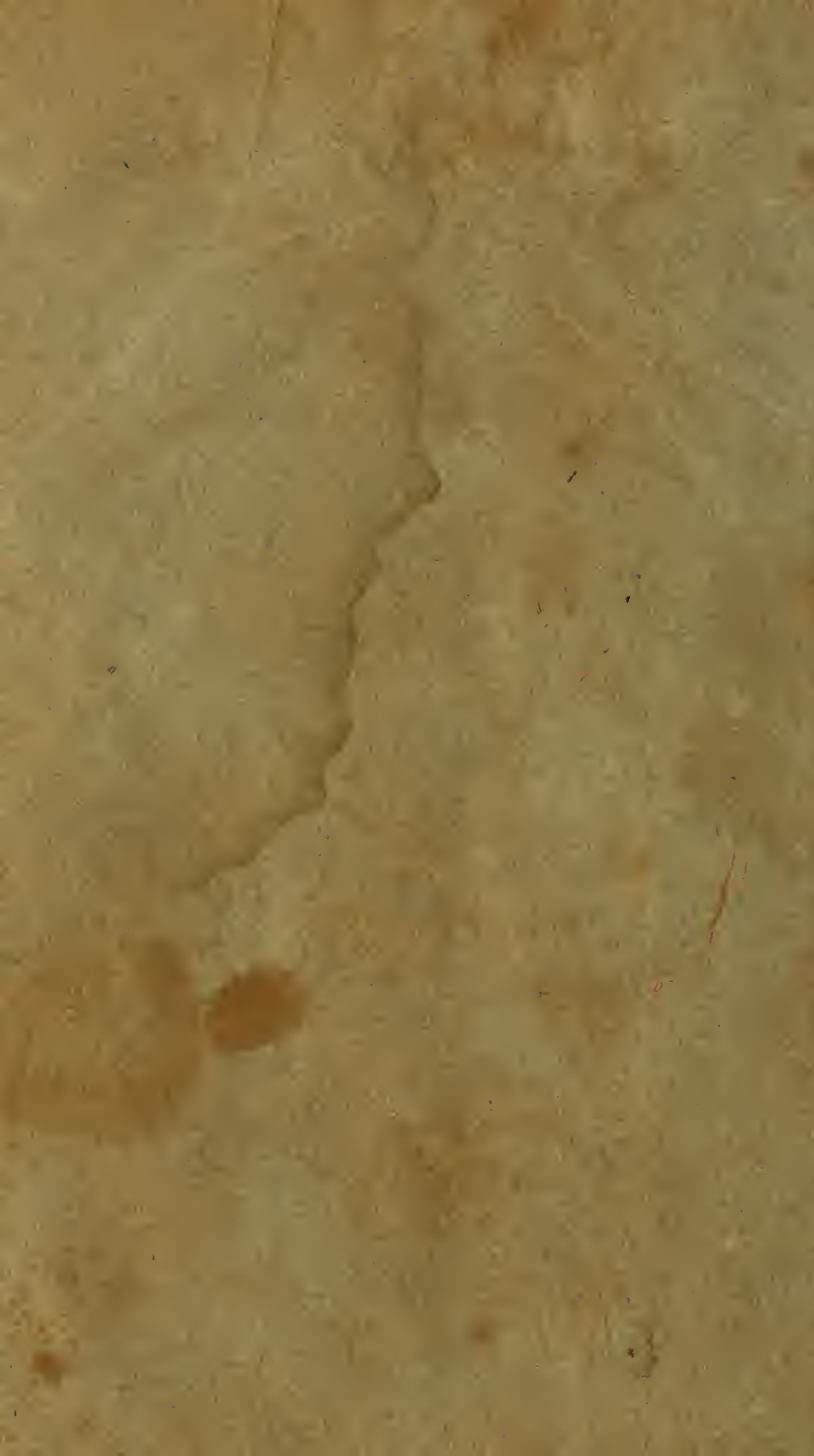
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